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cently shown, on the evidence of unquestionable statistics, that the women and children taken from the small farms and set to work in the factories have almost invariably lost their wholesome pallor within a year and bloomed into health and vigor. Instead of the sordid, pitiable homes to which they were born, homes of two or three miserable rooms, with barnyard wells for water and greasy food to eat, they have been housed in sanitary quarters, taught the secret of a wholesome breakfast and dinner table, and generally introduced to the beneficent virtues of exercise and discipline. There is no longer any doubt that they are improving vastly under the process. The fact has been ascertained and securely proved; and so, while Mr. BEVERIDGE's back is turned, we make bold to mention the real facts.

He has no time now to open his respectable frock coat and caterwaul about the "slaves" of the factories. He has to meet a triumphant Democracy and is aided only by a divided and disordered party. In this we are with him tooth and nail, shoulder to shoulder, and all the rest of it, for we want him kept in the Senate, where he is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. In this hour of his preoccupation, however, we insert these modest words. While he isn't looking and hasn't time to look our protestations may take root.

A Library in Its Sentility.

The routine of a partition suit brought by heirs in interest sheds from the precincts of the court an interesting light upon the status of a library always famous and one of inestimable value. This is the Mott Memorial, which has grown old in lower Madison avenue.

When Dr. VALENTINE MOTT died, in April, 1865, he was the foremost American surgeon, revered at home and held in high honor by the faculty abroad. In the study of the history of operative repair of nature's errors it is no improper appreciation to credit the great advances of American surgery to his skill with steel and suture, and in chief to the enthusiasm with which he served as a teacher of his great art.

During the years of his greatest activity our medical schools were sadly to seek in the literature of the profession. Many a practitioner boasted of a library which comprised as much as a treatise on anatomy, one on practice and a dispensary. When that doctor his city brother had scarcely greater advantages, the libraries of the medical schools were little more than lending collections of the necessary and elementary text books. The student, the practitioner who dimly perceived that in medicine and surgery there must be something better than the mere time honored rule of thumb, was without access to the volumes which were published abroad. The sole resource was the private library of Dr. Mott, a collection of all that was new, to whose treasures he gave glad welcome to his fellow practitioners. At his own charges he amassed as many as 4,000 volumes.

This country had nothing like this great collection; there was nothing to match it in private possession or in public custody. In 1866 Mrs. Mott founded the memorial which now comes to exist. It was held a great benefaction and a worthy monument.

In the court proceedings it was noted that recently not more than twenty-five persons in any year have visited this once valuable library. Each volume of these 4,000 has to-day the value that was its in 1865. That year the library died as completely as did its collector. The brilliant discoveries of that period have been discarded for better newer methods or have taken their places as accepted facts which no longer need demonstration. The curious historian may sometimes need to refer to those ancient calf bound volumes to determine a question of priority; otherwise their usefulness has gone. Room will be made for this library in the Academy of Medicine and one more landmark disappears.

Surgery is by no means singular in this episode. Every science is progressing with such leaps and bounds that its literature is out of date before the binding of the volumes is frayed.

A French Anniversary.

An anniversary, happy yet not without its element of bitterness, is soon to be celebrated in France. Exactly fifty years have passed since NAPOLEON III. received from Italy the Province of Savoy and the County of Nice as the reward for French aid in the Austro-Sardinian war. With the acquisition of these territories the Second Empire, moreover, confidently took up the task of restoring to France the boundaries and the glories of the First, which was destined to end so disastrously.

Only in the minds of those who lived at their time were Solferino and Magenta comparable with Wagram and Austerlitz, yet in that hour they seemed at least a vivid afterglow of the glories of the Grand Army. Even to the Frenchman of to-day, however, they must seem only the transitory brightness that came between Waterloo and Mars-la-Tour.

To recall the acquisition of Savoy and Nice to-day can only serve to point with increased bitterness to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. Not even the rapidly growing prosperity and importance of Alsace can avail to reconcile the loyal Frenchman to an alien Strasburg and a foreign Metz. It is not merely that the anniversary marks the last advance of French possession in Europe; it also serves to emphasize the utter extinction of all contemporary ambitions for France, above all the dream of acquiring the "natural frontier," the left bank of the Rhine, to which the victors of the war of 1859 looked forward with confidence.

One source of pride and satisfaction for the French, however, the present situation in Savoy and Nice must have. Fifty years ago 130,533 out of 130,536 Savoyards and 25,933 out of 26,093 Nicois who voted at the plebiscite ratified the French possession in Europe; it also serves to emphasize the utter extinction of all contemporary ambitions for France, above all the dream of acquiring the "natural frontier," the left bank of the Rhine, to which the victors of the war of 1859 looked forward with confidence.

republic has been asked by all the official and civic bodies of these territories to join with them in celebrating the happy event which gave Savoy and Nice to France.

Looking across the German frontier at Alsace and Lorraine, still unreconciled, still protesting in a thousand ways not to be misunderstood at the annexation now nearly forty years old, the French may find genuine pleasure in the contemplation of the loyalty of the people of Savoy and Nice. After forty years the German Empire still hesitated to give local self-government to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine. Forty years of separation have not sensibly diminished the loyalty of the people, who still send their sons into exile forever, that they may serve in the French army, which anciently included the KELLERMEISS, RAPP and Marshal NEY, and still counts a score of general officers who were born across the German frontier.

Savoy was French by race and language while it was still Italian. Alsace was German by race and language throughout the French régime, but Savoy is now perfectly fused in the wonderful homogeneous structure of France, and Alsace remains unreconciled, not yet trusted with the smallest measure of local autonomy. Even the Nice which was indubitably Italian fifty years ago is as French to-day as Nimes or Nancy, but Metz remains a Gallic fragment not yet submerged despite its ever growing German population.

In the curiously analogous fortunes and strangely dissimilar sentiments of the citizens of Alsace and Savoy there is again presented the familiar question of the origin of the loyalty of citizens. The Savoyards were French in race while still the subjects of an Italian sovereign, but easily and without protest they transferred their loyalty from a monarchy to a country democratic in essence even in the days of the Second Empire. In Alsace, on the other hand, a German people thoroughly imbued with the spirit of democracy of the French Revolution fight obstinately against the influence of a Germany represented to them by Prussian authority.

In celebrating what they gained fifty years ago we fancy the French will most frequently think of what they have subsequently lost. But both for what it represents and for what it suggests the approaching observation promises to be notable in contemporary European history.

New Meanings for Old Words.

From that chronicler of the acts and thoughts of Colonel THEODORE ROOSEVELT whose literary style so amazingly follows the peculiarities of the Mighty Hunter's own, an anxious word is privileged to learn that

Mr. ROOSEVELT always felt that he was thoroughly competent to deal with the situation in Rome and to follow a course in full consonance with the characteristic business of his nature, and at the same time scrupulously in accordance with the proprieties, whether viewed from the Vatican or a Methodist standpoint. He rejected the Vatican's proposal because of his American sense of duty, which did not permit him to say in advance what he would or would not do the day after his presentation to the Pope. Attacked by his American sense of fair play he denounced the attempt of the Methodist organization in Rome to make capital out of the incident.

It was then "characteristic boldness" that led to the mutilation of Monsignor KENNEDY's second note; it was "scrupulous accordance with the proprieties" that made public a distorted version of the correspondence without notification to the other party thereto; and it was the "American sense of duty" or else the "American sense of fair play" that produced the hypothetical response to the Kaiser designed to obscure the record and confuse the public mind.

Obviously, we are in need of a revised set of definitions for phrases that have acquired new meanings.

The Farmer's New Friend.

The spirit of conservation that flits lightly from forests and watercourses to heavers and bluebirds now hovers gently over the coyote. This once most despised of beasts that every one sought to drive off the prairies as a terror to the stockman's lambs, a menace to the settler's chickens and an invader of faithful house dogs to a wild life, has earned a right to live and is to be protected.

Many counties of States where he is most numerous have found that he cannot get along without him and have rescinded the law offering bounties on his scalp. The explanation may be found in a report of the meeting of the commissioners of Reno county, Kansas, in the Hutchinson News.

Commissioner M. E. BAIN says the rabbits destroy five acres of wheat for him each year. Five acres at thirty bushels an acre, 150 bushels of wheat at \$1.00 a bushel, makes \$150.00, which the rabbits owe to Mr. Bain for thinning out the wheat. Commissioner JIM BROWN says the rabbits are destroying five acres of grain in each section of Reno county each year. Five acres at 150 square miles of territory. Count half of it as cultivated and you figure 3,000 acres of grain sacrificed to the capacious appetite of R. COTTONTAIL and J. HAREBIT. Counting the 2,000 acres half wheat and half corn at this year's yield and valuation, and you have about \$35,000 worth of grain sacrificed in order that \$700 could be collected for the scalps of the coyotes.

This calculation of the outrageous waste of grain resource involves but one county. What might not be the loss to the whole State, to the entire West, where rabbits are not thinned out by the coyotes? It was evident that something must be done, and quickly. It was, for after the presentation of these figures, says the News, "it did not take twenty-seven minutes to put an end to that old bounty order."

Thus the coyote, instead of being a hunted enemy of mankind, is to become a coworker with the farmer. He is invited to make the farm his happy habitat, with nothing to do the livestock, day but to chase cottontails and jackrabbits over the sunny prairies. Who shall in turn chase him after he has broken them of their habit of eating five acres of grain to every cultivated section of land is apparently a matter for future conservators.

In Mendocino Hall on Wednesday evening, when Mr. THOMAS E. KIRBY's

hammer noted the sale of a Turner for the unprecedented auction price of \$129,000, there must have been not a few assistants who remembered the excitement in Chickering Hall thirty-four years ago over the bidding for a more famous Turner, the "Slave Ship." The scenes at the John Taylor Johnston sale, and the enthusiasm of the spectators as sensational prices were developed, were described in THE SUN of December 21, 1876.

Generous bidders were encouraged by the clapping of hands. Whenever a rivalry took place between bidders everybody looked interested in the result, and the applause and laughter that greeted each overbidding bid rang through the hall. Sometimes the opposing bidders sat in opposite parts of the hall, and their offers, which shot up and a hundred or a thousand dollars at a bound, were echoed from side to side by the excited call boys and eagerly repeated by persons in the audience. Sometimes the bids would run up like a set of stairs, and the auctioneer would announce them. Again, there would be a long pause, after a few pictures were shown, as though everybody was afraid to bid, and then suddenly one would step out and bid \$1,000 and \$5,000 and get a round of applause from the breathless audience.

Amid so much excitement the auctioneer, Mr. ROBERT SOMERVILLE ran Mr. JOHNSTON'S great Turner up to \$100,000. This was the highest of the prices of that notable sale, with the exception of those which were paid for CURTIS'S "Niagara," \$125,000, and for a Maitland, \$115,000. A few of the other remarkable prices of 1876 are worth inspection now in 1910:

No. 42—"Forest of Fontainebleau." DEAR DE LA PENA, \$2,000.

No. 50—"Landscape, Evening." DAYMONTE, \$1,500.

No. 51—"Venice at Sunset." Entrance to Grand Canal, ZEMEC, \$1,500.

No. 63—"The Oysterman." Sir PIERRE LEROY, \$75.

No. 127—"A British Shepherdess." JULIAN BROWN, \$2,000.

No. 130—"Autumn Morning." Landscape and Cattle, TAYLOR, \$7,700.

No. 135—"Path Through the Woods." COBET, \$1,000.

No. 141—"The Fisherman." Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, \$2,100.

No. 144—"Landscape." DEVER, \$1,300.

Moderate as were the totals and the average at the sale of JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON'S collection, and immense as is the enhancement of auction values in many cases since that not very remote time, it is yet possible to pick out in that catalogue a number of pictures filled with artists' hands, greatly in vogue, which would probably fetch a good deal less if put up now at the Yerkes sale.

A Message from the American People.

"Be calm."

The career of the Hon. JOSEPH G. CANNON, from the milking stool to the Speaker's chair, proves that he has not needed a college diploma to command success, but his experience with the only sheepskin he ever won, as he relates it, ought to be a lesson to every student of the law. Addressing a party of students in Washington, who had called to pay their respects to a powerful personality, Mr. CANNON told this story:

"I attended a law school for six months in Indiana when I was a young man. Then they gave me a B. L. and a diploma. I left Indiana and went to Chicago for the law. I got to Chicago in 1871 and had been able to stand the conductor off. As it was I landed in the central part of the State with 50 cents in my pocket. I rented a little office and got ready for the next day. I took that 50 cents and had my diploma framed. Then I sat down in my office and waited for clients. Sixty days went by and not a person came. I was down to the wall, then I took that diploma down of the wall, then I broke up and tramped on it. After that I cut it to shreds with a jackknife. I have never had another diploma from that day to this."

Uncle Joe did quite right in mutilating the "B. L." diploma with his vicious jackknife. As evidence of his fitness to practice law it was a gilded humbug, and he had better have spent on a "square meal" the 50 cents that he paid for framing the thing. A six months law course, and in Indiana before the war! We blush for Uncle Joe when he confesses his share in the business, and we tell him that if any one paused on the threshold of his humble office and hastily withdrew, thinking discretion the better part of litigation, it was not because of the lawyer, but because of the lawyer's lack of a diploma. The country is a laughing stock by the dreadful "B. L." diploma.

The supply of foodstuffs in Germany has only been kept up to the maximum figures by intensive agriculture, the employment of modern machinery, scientific fertilization, and the employment of millions of German farmers. The country men pay as much as the American for his food, except potatoes, milk and vegetables.

Only two American sales agents visited Saxony in 1909 against four in 1908 and one in 1907. Germany sent 4,772,172 francs, 1,000,000 marks, Hungary 234,472 francs, and Great Britain 61,000 francs.

In 1909 Great Britain imported 15,400,000 pounds of rubber and exported 44,367,000 pounds, a large increase over 1908 in both.

Brazil exported about 80,000,000 pounds of rubber in 1908, calendar year, half to Europe and half to the United States. The largest year's export of Brazilian rubber on record.

American patent rubber roofing is in large demand in western Canada. Fully 200 carloads were imported in 1909.

Home-made entries in Canada in January, 1910, were 2,000, or twice those of January, 1909. Immigration from the United States is expected to exceed 100,000 in 1910.

Argentina's crops this year are worth \$200,000,000, at present prices, which are slightly below those of 1909. Corn leads with \$135,000,000, followed by wheat at \$112,000,000.

Better skating has become popular in the Alps of Switzerland, the streets being used. The same is true of Mannheim, Germany. American skates are popular.

Special Agent John M. Turner of the Bureau of Manufactures witnessed the delivery at San Juan, Porto Rico, of a shipment of 2,000 cases of American canned salmon, and noted that great loss occurred from faulty packing.

Australian imports of cattle, prohibited by the quarantine act of 1909, are now permitted. Mexico will continue the free admission of corn until September 30 of this year.

American exporters should procure revised lists of our consulates from Washington, as many changes have occurred in the last two years. Some consulates have been abolished and others established.

The present steam railroad mileage in Continental Europe is 148,491. Russia, including the Siberian branch, leads with 49,117 miles, followed by Germany with 36,701, and France with 24,861. The general per cent. of increase in 1909 was 1.1, compared with 0.8 in 1908.

In 1909 320 miles of railway were opened for traffic in all Brazil.

HAND GRENADES IN WAR.

The hand grenade, which was used freely in the campaign in Macedonia, on the Russian as well as on the Japanese side, of course, was in use in the early part of the sixteenth century. We find a description in a work by Bapstista della Valle published in Venice in 1524 of shells or grenades to be thrown by hand. These were only a little over three inches in diameter and resembled in shape the shell or